A VVonderful Propheſie,

Declared by Chriſtian James a Maid of twenty years of age (late Daughter to Daniel James) who was born and bred near the Town which is called Padſtow, in the County of Cornwal, who departed this life upon the 8th. of March. With a true relation of her Behaviour, both in her life time and at the hour of her death, worthy to be had in perpetual memory. To the Tune of, In Summer Time.

The mighty Lord that rules in Heaven,
Strange wonders doth in England ſend
And many warnings hath us given,
'cauſe we our lives ſhould ſoon amend:
But like the miſbelieving Jews,
ſo hard of heart our people be,
They think that nothing can be true,
but that which their own eyes do ſee.

Therefore good people mark it well,
I'le here lay open to your view,
A Song moſt wonderful and ſtrange,
and can approve it to be true.
A Damſel did near Padſtow dwell,
within the County of Cornwel fair,
Whoſe parents had no Child but her,
ſhe was her Fathers only heir.

To whom came many a brave young man,
intending to make her a wife,
But never tempting tongue could make
this Maid to change her maiden life:
And though her parents riches had,
and coſtly garments her allow'd,
In homely habit ſhe would go,
and always hated to be proud.

She ne'r was heard to curſe or ſwear,
nor any word of anger give
But courteous was in every thing,
to them that did about her live:
If ſhe heard any one to ſwear,
or take Gods Sacred name in vain,
ſhe told them that they Crucified
our Saviour Chriſt again.

She often did frequent the Church,
and alſo did relieve the poor,
The Widdow and the fatherleſs,
ſhe every day fed at the door:
Upon a time this Damſel ſhe,
fell ſickand in a deadly ſwound,
She lay for twenty hours ſpace
no life in her could then be found.

Her aged father did lament,
her mother ſhe ſhed many a tear,
She wept, ſhe waild, ſhe wrung her hands,
for loſs of this her Daughter dear:
Alas, alas my child ſhe ſaid,
how dearly I have rendered thee,
And wilt thou now forſake the world,
and leave me in this miſery.

I would my birth had been my death,
then never had I ſeen this day,
This grievous moan the mother made
by her dear daughter as ſhe lay
At laſt ſhe did ſtrong waters fetch,
and rubs her Temples and each vein,
Till at the laſt the Damſel had
recovered life and ſence again.

And being come unto her ſpeech,
with voice moſt ſhrill aloud ſhe cry'd,
O Father you have done me wrong
this cannot be by you deny'd:
For I was in the way to heaven,
two glorious Angels did me guide,
Who gently took me by the hand,
and held me up on every ſide.

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Singing of Psalms and spiritual Songs,
so long as we past on the way,
Till he which had a Golden Crown
met us and caused us to stay:
Return said he from whence thou cam'st
thy Mother for thee makes great moan
And tell these things which I declare
unto thy neighbours every one.

Speak this quoth he unto them all,
how that the Lord e're long will send,
A grievous punishment to them,
that do his will wilfully offend:
This is the last age of the world,
even to the very sink of sin,
The puddle of Iniquity,
which you long time have wallowed in.

The men and wives live in discord,
the Father envies his own Son,
The Rich, and poor, the old the young
do hourly into Mischief run:
Extortion and Idolatry,
and hateful pride is now in use,
Blasphemous oaths and curses vile,
the people count as no abuse.

Good ministers are set at naught,
the Sabbath is prophan'd also,
The poor lies starving in the streets,
oppress with sorrow grief and woe:
The loathsome sin of drunkenness
and whoredom doth too much exceed,
He that can do his neighbour wrong,
doth think he doth a Godly deed.

Now ponder well what I do say,
dooms dreadful day is nigh at hand,
Fire and brimstone shall destroy
the Heaven, the earth, the Sea and Land:
And every Soul before the Lord,
a just account he then shall give,
His conscience shall a witness be,
in what condition he did live.

Then he that hath done well shall pass
forth with to everlasting rest,
And live amongst those glorious Saints,
which Jesus Christ our Lord hath blest:
Where Martyrs, Prophets & patriarchs,
do haleluiahs ever sing,
Glory and honour be to God,
and unto Christ our Heavenly King.

Then woe to them that have done ill,
when they shall hear the sentence past
Depart ye cursed into hell,
whose fire for ever more shall last:
The sorrows which are here foretold,
will come on you are it be long,
Except Repentance truly dwell
in hearts of all both old and young.

Repentance and true watry eyes,
will help to quench the burning flame,
Which he hath kindled to consume
this wicked world as most rotten frame:
Let not your building all so brave,
be burnt and wasted with Gods ire,
Nor let our Souls for whom Christ dy'd,
be burnt in hells eternal Fire.

Here endeth the Prophesie.

These speeches spoke the Maiden dy'd,
and came no more to life again,
Her Soul no doubt is gone to heaven:
with glorious angels to remain:
At her decease an harmony
of Musick there was heard to sound.
Which ravished all the standers by,
it did with sweetness so abound.

It pierc'd the earth and air also,
yet no man knew from whence it came,
But each one said it came from heaven,
and presently upon the same,
The Magistrates of that same parish,
which heard and saw this wonder strang
Desired to have it put in print,
cause wicked men their ways may change.

The Names of the Masters of the Parish that saw the Maidon her Death-bed, and heard the words of the Prophesie which she delivered, were as followeth: W. Watts Curate, T. Davis Head-Constable, R. Wilkings, and C. Tanner, Church-Wardens, who by consent of divers others in the same Parish, which were in the the presence at the Damosels decease, caused a Letter to be written and sent from thence to London, on purpose to have it printed, whereby to avoid scandal.

Contrived into Meeter by L. P.

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.